

The enemy was at first dumbfounded. Then he became panic-stricken.

He used water ; where it was possible, he broke dams to flood the country, but his misery only increased. The water was converted into vapor. He was blinded, scalded, consumed in masses. Buildings, trees, everything ceased to exist. The once fine army rapidly passed out of existence. Nothing could cope with the fire. In a few short hours nearly all had perished. Out of several millions, but a few hundred escaped. A straggler, burned beyond recognition, staggered up to the Headquarters, and informed the King-fiend. He listened, and fell dead.

The next day the little country's planes were at work again. Now they spread the greenish substance. In a few day's time the Fire was extinguished. A threat to lay waste the enemy's country, brought Peace, which was to continue for all time.

And in that land once cursed by the absolute rule of an arch-militarist, the People now rule.

With an awful start and experiencing a horrible pain in my right foot, I then awoke. I was sitting on an easy chair in my billet ; on the floor beside me was a copy of the latest « History of the Great War », and my foot was resting on the dying embers in the grate !

G. H. F.

